

## STRONG TESTIMONY.

This is Owosso Testimony and Will Stand Investigation

If you doubt the following and wish to investigate, you haven't got to some other state in the union to prove it. It's not a long story published in Owosso newspapers about a resident in Camden, N. J., or Tampa, Fla. It's about a resident of Owosso and given in his own words. No stronger proof can be had.

Mr. W. White, finisher at Robbin's table factory, says: "For two years I was bothered a good deal with pain and weakness through the small of my back. If I stooped it was extremely painful to straighten again and when I caught cold it settled in my back and made me worse. I had seen Doan's Kidney Pills highly recommended and I got a box at Johnson & Henderson's drug store. They relieved me of the distressing annoyance right away."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

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Announcements for School Year 1898-99.

**DATES OF EXAMINATIONS.**

Regular, Cornua, March 30 and 31, 1899.

Special, Durand, June 15 and 16, 1899.

Regular, Cornua, Aug. 17 and 18, 1899.

All examinations will begin at 8:30 a. m.,

standard time.

Applicants will write upon orthography, pen-

manship, geography and general history the

first half day; arithmetic, U. S. history and

theory and art the second half day; reading,

algebra, civil government and physiology the

third half day; and grammar, school law, botany

and physics (second grade) the fourth half day.

Third day, (for first grade applicants only) phys-

## MOB DESTROYS THE TOWN.

City, Ill., Burned by Negroes from Fredonia.

## SAITL WITH WHITE MINERS.

Sheriff Gray Has Called for Arms and Troops—Acting Governor Wardner Directs Him to Exhaust the Civil Resources—Guns Sent.

Carbondale, Ill., July 3.—Union City, named from the fact that it is occupied by union miners, was the scene of a battle last night about midnight, and as a result the town is in ruins. The nonunion negroes and other men employed by Brush at his mines near Fredonia having become crazed over the killing of a woman yesterday, went to the camp, which consisted of mine houses, and opened fire on them, which was at once returned.

The battle raged until the union miners ran from their homes and took refuge in a clump of timber close to the village. The nonunion men at once applied the torch to the houses and all were burned to the ground.

The men having destroyed all property previously occupied by the union men, moved on the woods, and until daylight the fusillade was kept up. No lives have so far been reported lost in the engagement at Union City.

Union miners have been arriving at the scene of the trouble all night, and the outcome must be a long-drawn-out battle. Both sides seem determined to win.

Springfield, Ill., July 3.—The following dispatch was delivered to Senator Walter Wardner, acting governor, at 2 o'clock this morning:

"Carterville, Ill., June 30.—Gov. Tanner: Negro miners at Fredonia fired on train conveying negro miners from Pana to Brush's mine, near Carterville, killing one woman and wounding twenty men. The coroner held an inquest and warrants were issued for six men. I arrested three, and they were taken away from me by the mob, who cut the horses loose from my carriage.

"Five hundred shots were exchanged between the union and nonunion miners.

"The town of Union, north of here, has been burned. I am powerless to quell the riot. Send guns and 200 troops at once.

"JACOB GRAY,

"Sheriff Williamson County."

Senator Wardner drove at once to the residence of Adj.-Gen. Reece, and after conferring with that official he sent the following reply:

Springfield, Ill., June 30.—Sheriff Jacob Gray, Carterville, Ill.:—Dispatch to Gov. Tanner just received. I send you immediately 150 guns and ammunition. Summon a posse of good men at once and do everything in your power to quell the riot, enforce the law and protect life and property."

"WALTER WARDNER,

Acting Governor."

Acting Governor Wardner said he would not order troops until the sheriff had exhausted his resources, and if any were sent it would be one Carbondale company, which is near Carterville.

## ATTACK ON SAN FERNANDO.

Rebels Fail to Push Their Sally—One American Soldier Killed.

Manila, July 3.—The rebels made a demonstration at San Fernando last evening. They took advantage of the darkness and rain to make a sally against the north line, seemingly only for the purpose of annoying the Americans, as they failed to push their attack.

The American loss was a private of the Seventeenth regiment killed and four men wounded.

Mrs. Alfred

Clarke, of Hite-

manor, Man or

Co., Iowa, has

been the mother

of four

children. Now

she says:

"I am about to

become a mother

again, and I

have been trou-

bled with mor-

ning sickness

and vomiting. I

could not eat any

breakfast; but

two days ago

I began taking

your Favorite

Prescription twice

a day, a teaspoonful

at a time, and am

pleased to say

that I have not

had a vomiting

spell for two

morning."

The "Favorite

Prescription" relieves

sickness and the other

discomforts of the period

preceding motherhood by purifying the

## A STRANGE STORY.

BY G. W. S. ANGELL.

It was one of our Friday night symposiums at the Cosmos Club, and as our particular clique was made up of Merton, from the Geological Survey; Herring, of the Fish Commission, together with Long, from the Agricultural Bureau; De Forrest, of the Army Medical Museum, and myself, then serving as Washington correspondent for a New York paper, it is needless to say that the talk had run the entire gamut of art, literature and science, and had for the moment settled on the belief in dual personalities.

"I tell you, gentlemen," said Merton, with the authoritative air by which he always attempted to settle questions under discussion, "that while I am willing to admit that there may be some things almost impossible to prove or disprove scientifically, yet this talk about dual personality, subconscious mind and all such stuff is, vulgarly speaking, simply rot." And he lay back in his chair with a self-satisfied air, as though there was nothing more to be said on the subject.

Long took up the argument, and the debate grew rather warm as the pros and cons were laid down in that cathartic way which we young men are apt to affect. Dr. De Forrest had thus far taken no part in the discussion, but had smiled once or twice at our assertions in a way that assured us, who knew him so well, that he had a good story to tell if we could only draw him out.

"Come, Doctor," said Long, as he ordered a fresh round of brandies and soda for the crowd, "you ought to know something about this question, for you told us last week that you had studied under Charcot when you were in Paris."

De Forrest selected a fresh perfect from the box at his side, lighted it in his usual careful way and blew a few rings of smoke, which he watched float lazily toward the ceiling, before he spoke.

"Well, boys," he began, "as Merton has just said, there are some things which we cannot as yet decide by purely physical methods. We cannot weight the soul in our most delicate balance, though the scale sinks if we add but the fraction of a hair, nor can we by our most subtle reagents analyze that vital spark we call life in our laboratories. I do not care to touch upon the many curious phenomena which I witnessed during my studies in Paris, for they might furnish you with a clew to the story which is to follow; but I'll tell you a little incident in real life which occurred when I was very young in my New York practice, and then leave the question for you to decide.

"When I established myself in New York, back in the sixties, fresh from my studies at Vienna, I joined the Bohemia Club. That was not its name, but as none of you are old enough to remember the club it will do as well as any other, and I shall take the liberty of changing the names of the actors in my story as well, for obvious reasons.

"We were a rather jolly crowd at the Bohemia, for we worked hard at our different lines all day and then met at the club in the evenings for relaxation and to compare notes. You see we were young then, and not authorities in our several branches, as you all are here," and he smiled in his quizzical way as he looked round our little circle.

"There were two Southerners in the club," he continued, "both M. D.'s, and although greatly alike in their features and marvellously so in their dress, they were totally different in character, and I suppose it would be hard to find in any club two men further apart in their moral and mental qualities. Whiting had been a practicing physician for a year or more and had already a large clientele. He was a splendid fellow, large of frame but straight as an arrow, with great brown eyes that looked you squarely in the face when he spoke, and with all his physical strength, kind and gentle as a woman. He was loved by every one at the club, where we knew him as the soul of honor and generous to a fault.

"Davis, on the other hand, though he was of the same olive hue and enough like Whiting in features to be his twin brother, had a sneering expression on his face, and when he looked at you with his eyes half closed and that cynical smile on his lips he made me think of the copperhead of his own Louisiana swamps. He was a heavy drinker, and spent money enough at the club, but he was never known to do a kind act, and we were sure he never spent a dollar on any one else unless he saw that he would gain some advantage in return.

"Both of the men had ample means of their own, but Davis had never practiced, so far as we knew, and where he got his title of doctor from or where he lived, no one seemed to know. Some said that he was an expert chemist and dabbled in alchemy as well, but he made no close friends, and seldom spoke of his own life.

"It happened that Davis and Whiting had never met at the club, as each came but seldom, but we often chafed one about the other, and from their facial resemblance dubbed them the two Dromedors. Jekyll and Hyde would have been more appropriate, but this was long before Stevenson's book was written.

"Whiting always resented any chance allusion to his double, although good natured at the rest of our chaff, and seemed to doubt the actual existence of Davis, whom he had heard of but never met, any the less. On the night of the dinner Robinson and I were simply trying to put up a game on him. Naturally the more he scoffed at the reality of Davis the more we nagged him, until finally in sheer desperation he proposed to give a quiet little dinner for four of us, at which Robinson, an artist and fellow club-member, myself, Davis and Whiting were to be the quartet.

"Davis promised to be there, if possible, and said he was already acquainted with Whiting—of course by reputation only, he added, with that cynical smile we all hated. On the night of the dinner Robinson and I were on hand early, for we were anxious to see the meeting between Davis and Whiting, and had made several bets with the other fellows as to whether Davis would show up.

"Whiting appeared punctually as usual, but though we waited until mid-

night Davis failed to materialize. Of course this settled the matter in Whiting's mind for the time being, and he made us set up several bottles of wine to drink to the health of his mythical counterpart as he called him.

"The next night, however, he came to the club, and drawing Robinson and me aside, said:—'Boys, this matter has gone too far. I like a joke, but I think it is rather rough for you to keep it up.' And on our expressing our ignorance of his meaning he showed us a letter from Davis regretting his inability to be present the night before, and saying that he was too ill at the moment to make his regrets in person.

"But, my dear fellow," said Robinson, "if you really think us guilty of this letter will you kindly explain how it happens to be written on your own paper?"

"Whiting grabbed up the note and seemed frightened for the moment, for at the head of the letter was his crest and the envelope bore the impression of his private seal, which he always wore on his watch chain. He looked at it searching, and then left the club without a word.

"After this occurrence we ceased bantering him about Davis and passed the word around to the other fellows to drop it, for we saw that the matter worried him greatly and feared the effect of our chaff on his high strung, nervous temperament. Davis came to the club less frequently during the winter, but at every mention of Whiting's name he smiled and said he was sorry they did not happen to meet.

"One day, early in the spring, Whiting sent a note asking me to come up to his den after dinner, as he had something of importance to tell, and begged me not to fail him. I had often been to his office on Madison avenue, but had never visited him at his rooms on—th street. It was a quiet neighborhood, west of Ninth avenue, and the house was one of a row of old fashioned frame buildings still in good repair, but backed up against their rear were several ramshackle old tenements, nearly deserted by tenants.

"I had not seen Whiting for some months and was shocked by the change in his appearance. There were dark circles under his eyes and a strange hunted expression in his face. He grasped my hand eagerly and drew a chair for me in front of the grate fire, for the evenings were still cool.

"Doc," he exclaimed suddenly, after we had lit our cigars and talked glibly for a few minutes, "that fellow Davis is killing me by inches."

"Why, old man," I said, "so you have come to believe in him at last?" I started to laugh, but checked myself when I saw the expression of his face.

"What is it, my dear boy?" I asked, soothingly. "It certainly can't be so serious. What has he been up to now?"

"'Tis damned queer business," said Whiting excitedly, "and I can't imagine his motive; but these are the facts. For several weeks this fellow has dogged my footsteps, and after I have made a professional call and left the usual prescription he has sent a note to the patient imitating my handwriting and changing the medicines for others, which, had they been taken as directed, would have in some cases proved fatal. Fortunately the druggists have telephoned me that there was some mistake and I have been able to correct it. But of course this constant changing of prescriptions has affected my practice terribly, and people are beginning to think that my mind is unbalanced."

"But, my dear fellow," said I, trying to quiet him, "why not give up your practice for a few weeks and take a decided rest, and meanwhile we will deal with this fellow Davis as he deserves."

"But that is not all," continued Whiting, despairingly. "It is true I don't need the income from my practice, and work more from the love of it than for the fees, but he has gone still further and dared to call on Miss Wiley, my fiancée, and tell her many of the foolish escapades of my college days, the secret of which I thought was buried in my own breast. I have tried to explain them away, but of course cannot deny the tales, and I fear it is all over for me in that quarter. I can't see how she could listen to the cad or where she could have met him."

"Davis' actions seemed to be more inexplicable than ever, and I longed to get hold of the brute and force an explanation from him; but, hiding my anger, I tried to quiet Whiting, and finally prevailed upon him to take a heavy dose of chloral, which I prepared, and to try to get a night's rest, promising to see Miss Wiley shortly and attempt to patch up matters.

"I left him asleep on his lounge, and as it was still early, walked over to Madison avenue, determined to call on Miss Wiley, whom I knew slightly, and tell her of Whiting's condition.

"There was a light in the drawing room, and, ringing the bell, I gave my card to the servant, and he ushered me in unannounced. Miss Wiley sat at the piano, her hands on the keys, while standing at her side and looking down ardently into her upturned face was Davis.

"For a moment I could not speak and seemed glued to the floor, but Davis quickly advanced and, after a few polite inquiries about my health and his dear friend Whiting, pleaded an engagement and left.

"His presence in the house and his unmistakable lovelike attitude made it very painful for me to speak, but remembering the condition of poor Whiting and how heartbroken he seemed, I ventured to speak about Davis and asked where she had met him.

"Oh, I have only known him a few weeks," she said. "He called with a letter of introduction from Dr. Whiting and said they were fellow students in the South. He has been most kind and attentive to me, and is teaching me some of his own songs." And she rattled on about his divine voice, while I sat speechless at the new complication of affairs.

"At last I blurted out, 'Would you kindly let me see the letter of introduction?' adding that Dr. Whiting had promised me letters to some of his friends in Europe and I wished to see his methods.

"I felt that this was a most feeble excuse, but could think of nothing else, and of course Miss Wiley was too polite to express her surprise at the strange request. Going to a dainty

writing desk in the corner she came back and handed me the letter.

"There was no doubt of the chirography being exactly similar to Whiting's. I saw the same old fashioned capitals and crisp, sharp endings of each word, and as for the signature, his bank would have sworn to it. Besides, there was his crest and seal, which I now knew so well. I don't know what I said in thanking her, for my head was in a whirl, but I had enough sense to say good night and quickly withdrew.

"How Davis could have obtained the paper and seal, or how he learned of all those college scrapes of Whiting's, I could not imagine. But I saw that his relations with Miss Wiley had gone so far that it would do no good for me to interfere, and that I should only be snubbed by her for my impertinence in meddling in other people's business.

"Whiting was out when I called at his rooms next morning and his servant told me that he had gone to the country for a rest and left no address.

"It was perhaps a month afterward that he turned up at the club one night, looking more ghastly than ever. He would not say where he had been and positively declined to discuss the Davis matter.

"I know he talked wildly about hypnotic control and kindred subjects, until we thought his mind affected, and tried to calm him, but he grew more and more excited, until finally I saw him turn pale and clutch the back of a chair, and noticed a little stream of frothy blood oozing from between his clenched teeth as he staggered out of the room.

"I jumped up from the sofa and followed as quickly as I could, but when I reached the front door he was gone, and I met Davis just coming in. He walked leisurely into the cafe and leaned against the mantelpiece. To my excited inquiries about Whiting he simply smiled and said he had not noticed him going out, but I saw him scratching a small red spot from his cuff with his finger nail and felt sure they must have met.

"Gentlemen," said Davis, in his drawling voice, "I beg you will congratulate me on my approaching marriage, and pardon my not mentioning the lady's name in the club. Steward, please take the orders."

"Most of us refused to drink with him, for we despised the man, and I left him chatting with a few of his particular cronies and went up to Whiting's room. I heard afterward that Davis left very shortly after I did.

"Whiting had not come home and I spent the night hunting through hotels, police stations, hospitals and even the Morgue, for I felt sure that he had ruptured a blood vessel in his lungs, which must quickly prove fatal. But I could find no trace of him, and finally, utterly worn out, went to my rooms to toss about until midday with a horrible nightmare, in which Whiting and Davis were struggling in one another's grasp, each striving to kill the other.

"At lunch I picked up a morning paper and scanned the society news listlessly until my eyes lit upon the rumored engagement of Dr. J. H. Davis, formerly of New Orleans, and Miss Isabelle Wiley, the well known belle, &c."

"I sat musing over the strange vicissitudes of fate and wondering what had become of poor Whiting. Suddenly a newsboy rushed into the restaurant calling extras, and the first heading I saw was:

"Sudden death of Dr. Davis." I eagerly read the usual detailed account of how he had been found that morning dead in his bed, evidently, the paper stated, from a ruptured blood vessel, as the bed clothing and carpets were saturated with blood, but no wound was found on his body.

"Strangely enough, he lived in one of the old tenements back of Whiting's home, and measurements which I made subsequently showed that his rooms and Whiting's must have been on similar floors and directly back to back. Remembering the stolen newspaper I tried to find some entrance between the two houses, but the walls were solid, and even the wall papers showed naught but a few little cracks due to their many years' service.

"This, gentlemen," said Dr. De Forrest, drawing his glass and taking a sip, "is a story of actual life, and if any of you have an explanation to offer I should be happy to hear it."

We could say nothing for a moment, and then the irrepressible Merton found his tongue. "But how about Dr. Whiting?" he asked.

"As for him, gentlemen," said Dr. De Forrest, solemnly, as he stood by the open door, "I know nothing further except that he was never found. But I have my theory. Good night!" And he closed the door.

## Public Drinking Troughs.

Public drinking troughs for horses are condemned by a well-known veterinary surgeon on the ground that they propagate certain diseases peculiar to horses.

## The Shovel Fish.

The shovel fish is so called because it uses its nose to turn over the mud at the bottom of the sea in quest of the worms and small shellfish on which it feeds.